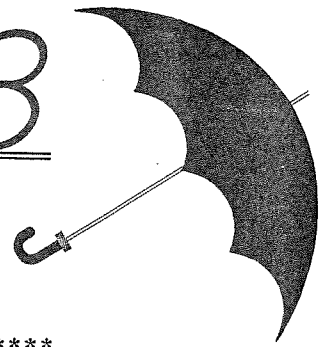


Parasol post

3



'the Devil is in the detail...'

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A warm, wet, welcome to our third issue in which we continue to explore themes, avenues and concepts of a wholly diverse, yet useful, nature.

Our lead article has been kindly contributed by one Oberon Bystander, whose frailty and furrow hides a stomach of iron.

In recent months many younger Parasolvites, egged on by A.T.M. who clearly should know better, have become heavily involved in activities of an astronomical nature. We print a report by Parasol AAA on their latest activities but, in no way admit approval.

Starting this issue, the renowned Astrid Pluver has been given a column in which to give vent to her turbulent passions.

We round off with food for thought from Dr Levity...

Hydrate ~ it's great!

Oberon Bystander: active yeast ingredient for the advancement of specific gravity of the Red Republic of Parasol explores our archives and records for the phenomenon known as excessive hydration.

To toil under blazing rays without a shady parasol necessitates a compensating hydration.

It is well documented that such toil, in any pre-classless society (one not yet rebirthed under the dialectic of History through the insurrection of the toilers) may give rise to the escapism of excessive hydration. The hydration process, often performed alone and unsupervised, is fraught with danger. It can result in a sickening array of symptoms for the habitual hydrater. It is thus a testimony to the extent of estrangement and anomie pervading the rustickal class society that such practices flourish which, to a Red Republican, may seem quite mad. Yet the rationale for such persistent internal abuse has, as we have seen, material roots in the harsh toiling environment and cannot be easily eliminated.

The Parasolvite relation to hydration is, of course, very different. Our starting point is to secure for the toiler, by hand or by brain the full fruits of their hydration. Not as a compensation for a tired existence but as a necessary evolutionary step towards the rediscovery of our true humanity.

Dr Nicholas Levity, the most notable exponent of hydrationary devices, must, for some small part, take credit for introducing health and safety considerations when exploring sophisticated hydrationary techniques. However the nasal siphoning technique was first pursued and perfected, until martyrdom, by the brothers Itch and Huge Merlinger. Their enthusiasm was such that after a mammoth seventy-four hour session they simultaneously exploded in a tangle of bloated guts and gore.

Miraculously their nasal apparatus' remained intact. *A gift perhaps?*

Dr Levity concludes, "One simply has to know when one has had enough."

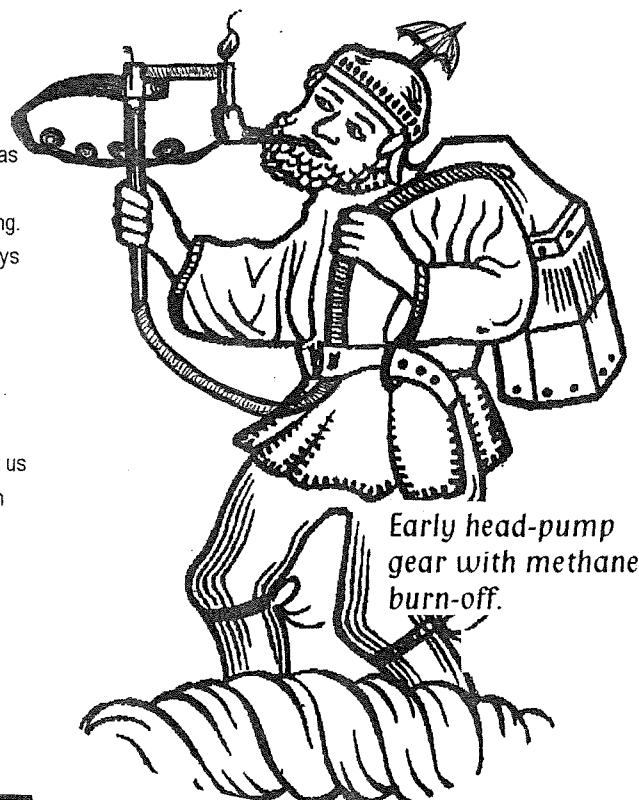
(The Merlinger brothers are, perhaps, best remembered for the collection of strange resonating sounds produced by their hydrating bowels. This harmony of the hydrater was captured on micro-tape and deposited in the vaults of Parasol and extracts have since featured on a number of 'New Age' CDs due to the proximity of the sound to whale song. The brothers thus gave much to contemporary Parasolvite art and culture and will always be gratefully respected as an inspiration by happy hydraters everywhere.)

It remains a sad reflection on the state of the world that there are still many lonely hydrophiles abroad, pursuing their selfish altered states to numb the drabness of their hollow lives. Toil: hydrate: sleep: hydrate: toil... and so on forever. Comrades! we must bring them in from the cold, we must smash this vicious cycle. Let us entreat them to rise up and abolish worthless toil. Only then might they swim with us on the tides of tender pursuit, softly strapped in and harnessed for a more gentle nasal siphoning experience.

SAFE NASAL SIPHONING DEVICES ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE ALCHEMATOLOGICKAL GARDEN, SEND POETRY.

O.B. 1997.

(More head-pumping lore will feature in the forthcoming Almanack of the Campaign for Surreal Ale.)



Paranormal?

AA

Parasol Association of Autonomous Astronauts, Status Report

11.11.1997

'unready to fly.'

Whilst continuing to convalesce we have been turning our thoughts to other areas tangentially related to our space programme.

In particular we have all been rather concerned recently at reports that the big capitalist space agencies have pulled the plugs on a number of SETI (search for extra-terrestrial intelligence) projects as unprofitable. For Autonomous Astronauts deep space exploration is unthinkable without a knowledge of what lies beyond the fringes of our own tiny planet. Of course NASA thinks only of emulating its conquistador forbears and exploiting the universe for its mineral wealth. The inhabitants of other systems reck as nothing in this Leviathans plans. Their rich heritages and cultures are expendable before the forward march of Progress. Some lucky exo-species might find themselves pressed into slavery, for the rest NASA plans genocide. (Of course the chances are that if the NASTies tread on the wrong scaly toes we'll all end up creamed across the galaxy... Either way it's not a pleasant thought.)

The AAA intend to be good spacy neighbours- keeping the backyard tidy, not making too much noise on Sundays and not allowing the cat to piss on the next worlds roses.

So, we were discussing what contribution we could make towards contacting our cosmic comrades, without the weighty paraphernalia of massed banks of radio telescopes or batteries of lasers, in our local pub, when we were over-heard by a crusty type with a dog on a rope who promptly offered to flog us a Ouija board. We politely declined, explaining that he had misconstrued our intent and that we had no interest in the debunked manifestations of 19th century Spiritualist fakers. We are the post-Flash Gordon generation, raised on Hawkwind and 1950's 'B' movies and we have little time for Victorian parlour games.

However, with our collective train of thought fortuitously station halted, a new passenger boarded, stowing its intellectual baggage in the gangway.

We got to thinking about matters paranormal, in particular the Electronic Voice Phenomenon and whether it had any bearing on the proceedings in hand. Considering that it might, we pooled our knowledge of this esoteric science and found it sadly wanting. After kicking-out time we hurried home to dig out a few old copies of Fortean Times for the low-down (see FT 104, Nov '97)

EVP is about the voices which appear at random from detuned radios or audio tape recordings of nothing in particular. Some believe that they are voices from the grave or spirit messengers.

Whilst recognising we were off track so far as contacting aliens was concerned, never-the-less even the most hardened Dialectical Materialists amongst us were excited by the prospects.

How cool to record a few choice quippings from Oscar Wilde or Charlie Marx's stock market tips. Still better might be nuggets of Tesla technology or handy new ways to harness Orgone courtesy of Willie Reich.

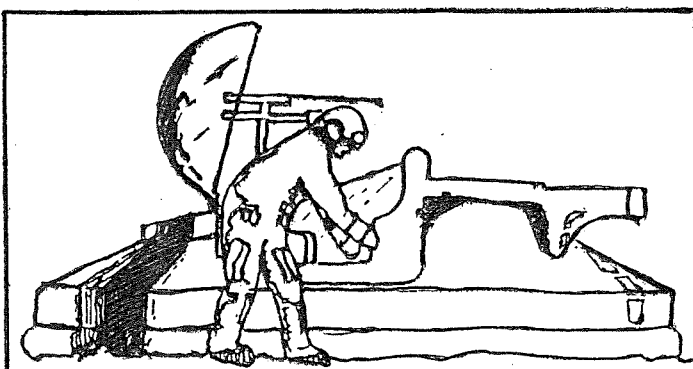
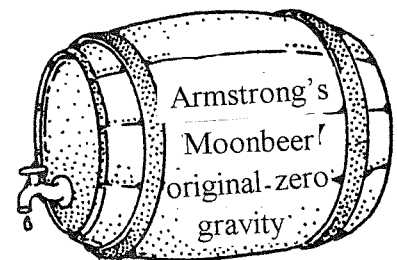
Of course we all agreed that the real prize would be to plug into that late, great, Erich Von Daniken of Trotskyism, Juan Posadas, for an update on his thesis that Flying Saucers are buzzing about everywhere happily spreading communist ideas and exporting revolution to less advanced planets.

Suitably fired up we assembled our high-tech equipment:
One mono cassette recorder and a radio tuned to white noise.

We recorded on to the tape the following message:
**"This is Parasol AAA seeking advice or help
with our space explorations, please leave your message
after the tone...beeeep."**

Flippant we know but, hell, these voices are, apparently, everywhere and only too pleased to make themselves heard.

We then proceeded to record the ether with a background of noise.
A full transcript of our results appears on page four.



Witness this new-made World, another Heaven
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation...
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*,

The Astrid Pluver Column



Under the ironic heel of capital the deadly euphemism 'Human Resources' is an oxymoron.

A resource is that which is exploited and it is, in part, through the process of exploitation that we are commodified, re-packaged as wage slave, as living tool.

In such a maze of reified relations we lose the true essence of our humanity.

Enough!

We reject utterly this ritualised castration of our species before the managerial altar!

To the **Protestant Work Ethic** we will counterpose the **Parasolvite Pleasure Principle**, and enforce it with steel.

In respect of the Human Resource departments which have for so long blighted our lives with their downsizing, gradgrinding, soulless, robotic-rationalist cadres we say:

Lighten up!

Junk those red braces, baggy suits, stripy shirts! Rip out the shoulder pads, down with dreary power dressing!

Re-configure your mobile phone into a gameboy!

We want to see more greasy beards and shapeless jumpers, dungarees with smiley badges, dreadlocks and clogs.

Human Resource Executives are to be renamed **Human Fulfilment Facilitators**.

The immediate role of these bright young things will

be on the shop floor, making tea, telling shaggy dog stories and handing out recreational drugs whilst drawing up detailed plans for a smooth transition from the forty hour week to the four hour month...

Reviews

Electrick Skizoo

The odd title of this journal belies its seriousness of purpose. Secreted within the toner drenched walls of issue 3 (we ain't been able to get hold of 1+2 but some articles are available on their website-just type "electrick skizoo" into a search engine of your choice) are a plethora of counter-cultural gems.

Fiction, friction and gentle theory all wash down the mind shute in a haze of gentle euphoria.

The Decadent Action! piece is an excellent, copier ready, A4 leaflet just begging to be handed out at a shopping centre near you!

For this reviewer the centre piece was an article based on interviews with active Astronauts which reveals the full breadth of potential in the AAA. that alone made ES worth £1.50.

Buy it, read it, sleep with it.

Dexter B.

electrick SKIZOO, c/o PO Box 12766,
Edinburgh, EH8 9YE.

AUTOTOXICITY

O.K. so it costs £4 but I knew before I ordered it I was in for a treat as the guy who put it together is also responsible for the delicious "Communist Headache" (available from the same address.)

I was not disappointed when issue 2 (of 3 so far) crashed through the letter box. This weighty tome is spiral bound, landscape format, with a stiff card, hand stencilled cover.

It's divided into different sections which cover psychogeography, prisons, music and the information war. also has loads of useful addresses etc.

Stuff from the Situationists, Lettristes, L.P.A. and Stew Home makes this a lubricious read.

I'm going to buy the other issues and place them lovingly on a shelf, so should you.

Guido P.

AUTOTOXICITY, ATX, PO Box 298,
Sheffield, S10 1YU.

Send anything interesting or peculiar our way for a glowing review by one of our resident entities.

Recording commenced at 7.48pm on 12.11.1997 and ran for approximately 15 minutes.

The clean, white hiss of static was heavily modulated by unavoidable traffic noise and voice leakage from an adjacent room. Upon playback we found that as our ears adjusted to the peaks, troughs and drop-offs of the ethereal sound wall we felt (rather than heard) the deeply submerged growl of a male voice in one-way radio monologue.

No words were discernible.

The Cosmic Background Radiation continued to fill our ears.

Due to the archaic, gaussed-up heads of our recorder the underlying cassette track had not been cleanly erased. Erratically, the plink, plink, fizz of a cheap Casio keyboard rhythm preset fought its way to the surface for breath and swam valiantly in the magnetic fields.

The traffic rumbled on.

Mayhap the spirit ether was especially quiet tonight but we were reminded of the words of blistering retort the Bard put into the mouth of Hotspur:

GLENDOWER: *"I can call spirits
from the vasty deep."*

HOTSPUR: "Why, so can I, or so
can any man; But will they come
when you do call for them?"

A.T.M.

Dr Nick Levity's World of Mystique.

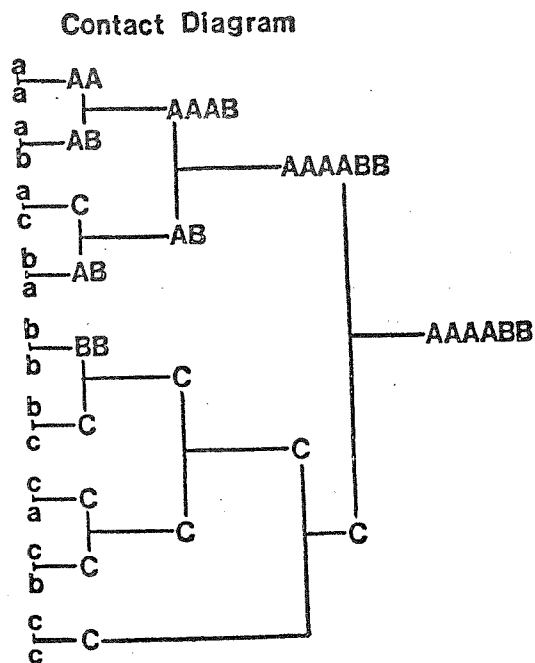
It has long been established that the two hemispheres of the human brain each have their own specialisms.

The right hemisphere is the seat of spatial awareness, intuition and creativity whereas the left hemisphere holds logic and language.

The two sides complement each other beautifully, each controlling its diametrically opposite side of the body. Yin and Yang, night and day, Laurel and Hardy.

Unsurprisingly then, a bit of number crunching has revealed that those born within the bosom of Parasol, either in the hub, in another nook or to peripatetic Parasolvite parentage, are predominantly right-brained and therefore left-handed.

More surprising is the fact that late-comers to our communities often switch polarity too to become lefties. (Thus our beloved Dexter Bracey should perhaps be renamed Ambidexter!)



From: **D. Lunan, Man And The Stars,
London, 1974.**

The diagram illustrates the development of three basic types of space going society in relationship to one another.

The A society is willing to form alliance very readily and is keen to cooperate with any other encountered civilization.

The B society is reticent in its contacts with outsiders and does not cooperate to the same extent as does A, consequently the opportunity to learn from a new intelligence and ally effectively with it are limited in direct ratio to the reticence.

The C society will war upon immediate contact with any other civilization until it enslaves (a dubious situation) or destroys it.

The development from the pristine single planet cultures, indicated above by lower case letters, to the giant megaculture should eliminate the latter aggressor society upon encountering its sphere of influence. This would be done either by physical destruction or by psychologically reconditioning the offensive culture into a more acceptable social format.

Survival potential in extraterrestrial relationships would appear from the above conditions to favor the A type of society.

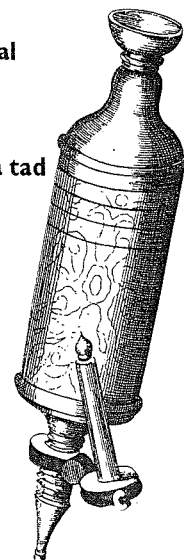
We now read that Daedalus* suggests a way in which switching between hemispheres may be controlled at will.

He speculates that by breathing through one nostril only, and back out of the other, one can cool (and thus send to sleep) one hemisphere whilst stimulating the other.

In this way we can all create our own very special mood-swings, for fun, for friends or for special occasions.

So, gentle Parasolvite folks, practice your yogic breathing techniques and lets make the world a tad more gauche.

(*see *Nature* 1991, 349:198)



Send us some stamps and we'll bung
future issues and stuff your way.